

The most lamentable Tragedie

Titus. O here I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what would thou kneele with me?
Doe then deere hart, for heauen shall heare our prayers,
Or with our sighs wele breath the welkin dimme,
And staine the sunne with fogge, as sometime clowdes,
VWhen they doe hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marcus. Oh brother speake with possibilitie,
And doe not breake into these deepe extreames.

Titus. Is not my sorrow deepe hauing no bottome?
Then be my passions bottomlesse with them.

Marcus. But yet let reason gouerne thy lament.

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?
If the windes rage, doth not the sea waxe mad,
Threatning the vvelkin with his bigswolne face?
And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile?
I am the sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow:
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moued with her sighes,
Then must my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: ouerflowed and drowned:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then giue me leaue, for loosers will haue leaue,
To ease theyr stomacks with theyr bitter tongues.

Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.

Messeng. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:
Here are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.

And

of Titus

And heres thy hand in scorn
Thy griefe theyr sports: Th
That woe is me to thinke vp
More than remembrance of

Marcus. Now let hote A
And be my hart an euer-burn
These miseries are more then
To weepe with them that we
But sorrow flouted at, is doub

Lucius. Ah that this sight
And yet detested life not shri
That euer death should let lif
Where life hath no more inte

Marcus. Alas poore hart
As frozen water to a starued

Titus. When will this fear

Marcus. Now farewell flat
Thou doost not slumber, see
Thy warlike hand, thy mang
Thy other banisht sonne wit
Strucke pale and bloodlesse,
Euen like a stony image, col
Ah now no more will I cont
Rent off thy siluer haire, thy
Gnawing with thy teeth, and
The closing vp of our most
Now is a time to storme, wh

Titus. Ha, ha, ha.

Marcus. Why dost thou l

Titus. Why I haue not an
Besides, this sorrow is an ene
And would vsurpe vpon my
And make them blinde with
Then which way shall I find